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THE WHOLE
PROCEEDINGS
OF
JOCKEY & MAGGY:
IN FIVE PARTS.

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THE WIND
PROCEEDING
OF
ROCKY & MAGGY

IN REPLY TO A LETTER FROM THE



E. D. J. M. R. U. R. C. H.

BY A. L. LORING, JR., SOLO & M.
J. L. LORING, JR., SOLO & M.

JOCKEY AND MAGGY'S COURTSHIP.

PART I.

JOCKY. **H**Y Maggy, wilt thou stay and
tak ken't fouks hame we you,
the night?

MAGGY. Will tu come awa' then Johnny,
I fain would be hame or the kye come in, our
mickle riggy is sic a rumling royte, she rins ay
thro' the byre, and sticks a the bits o' curties,
mymither is na able to had her up to her ain staik

JOCKY. Hure, we'll be hame in bra time
woman; and how's a' your fouks at hame?

MAG. Indeed, I canna' well tell ye, man,
our guidame is a' gane wi' the gout; my mi-
ther is very frail; my father he's ay wander-
ing about and widdling amang the beasts.

JOCK. But, dear Maggy, they tell me we're
gawn to get a wedding o' thee an' Andrew
Merrymouth the laird's gardener.

MAG. Na, na, he maun hae a brawer las to
be his wife than the like o' me; but auld Tam-
my Tailtrees was seeking me, my father wad
a haen me to tak him, but my mither wadna
let, there was an odd debate about it, my guid-
ame wad a sticked my mither wi' the grape, if
my father hadna chanc'd to founder her wi'
the beetle.

JOCK. Hech woman, I think your father
was a fool for fashing wi' him, auld slavery
duse, he wants nathing of a cow but the clutes;
your goodame may take him hersel, twa auld
tottering stumps, the tane may sair the tither
fu' well.

(4)
MAG. Ach! man, I wad a tane thee or ony
body to hane them agreed agen; my father
bled my goodame's nose, an' my guidame
brake my mither's thumb, the neighbours
came a' rinning in, but I had the luck to haud
my father's handstill yence my guidame plotted
him wi' the brue that was to mak our brose.

JOCK. Dear Maggy, I hae something to tell
you an ye wad na be angry at it?

MAG. O Johnny! there's my hand I'll no
be angry at it, be what it will.

[Shakes hands for fear of an outcast]

JOCK. Indeed Maggy, the fouk o' your town
an' the fouk o' our town say we're gaun to be
married; what sayest thou?

MAG. I wish we ne'er do war; O Johnny
I dream'd o' you lang syne, an' I liked you ay
after that.

JOCK. O Maggy! Maggy! dost thou mind
since I came to your mither's bull wi' my mi-
ther's cow, ye ken she widna stand, an' ye
helped me to haud her: ay after that they
scorned me that I wad be married on a you.

MAG. Its very true man, it'll be an odd
thing if it be: but it's no fa' back at my door
I assure ye.

JOCK. nor at mine, but my mither bade
me kifs ye.

MAG. Indeed sall ye Johnny, thou's no want
twa kiffes man, an on every side o' the mouth.

JOCK. Ha! ha! Maggy, I'll hae a merry
night o' kissing you shortly.

MAG. Ay but Johnny, you maun stay till that night come; it's best to keep the teat till the feast day.

JOCK. Dinna be angry Maggy, my wife to be; but I have heard my mither say in her daffin, that fouk sud ay try gin their house will had the plenishen.

MAG. Ay but Johnny a wife is ae thing, an' a house is anither,, a man that's a mind to marry a woman, he'll no mak her a whore,

JOCK. It's a true Maggy, but fouks may do it yence or they be married, and no hae nae ill in their minds.

MAG. Aha Johnny, mony ane has been beguil'd wi, yence, and do it yence we may do it ay; what an we get a bystart, an' hae to suffer for the foul act of fornication.

JOCK. Ay, but my mither says, if I dinna get thee wi' bairn, I'll no get thee; so its the surest way of wooing,

MAG. Indeed Johnny, I like you better nor ony lad I see, an' I sall marry you an yence my father's muck were out, my mither downa work at the midden.

JOCK. Ah! Maggy, Maggy, I'm fear'd ye beguile me, an' then my mither will murder me for being so silly.

MAG. My jo Jockey, tell your mither to provide a' things for the bridal, an' I sall marry you in three ukes after this; but we maun gie in fillar to the precentor, a groat and a drink to the bellman, an' then the kirk-wa's maun hear o't three Sundays or it come

(6)
JOCK. But Maggy, I'm no to mak a blin bargain wi' you nor nae body, I maun ken o' your things an ye fall ken o' mine.

MAG. I ken well what I was to get, and gin my mither like the bargain well, she'll mak it better ; but an' my father be angry at your match, I darna meet you to be married.

JOCK. I see na how he can be angry, I wat well I'm a gay sturdy fallow, when I laid on a bow an' five pecks o' bear on the laird's Bawsey, an' he's as bilshy a beast as in a' the barrony.

MAG. Ay but my mither is ay angry at ony body that evens themselves to me, an' it binna them she likes ; indeed she bade me tak ony body, if it were na auld tottering Tammy, for his beard is ay brown wi sucking tobacco, an' flavers a' the breast o' his fecket,

JOCK. O! Maggy, tak me an' I'll tell you what I hae ; first, my father left me when he died fifty merks, twa sacks, twa pair o' funks, the hens an' the gawn gear was to be divided between me an' my mither ; an' if she died first a her gear was to come amang mine, an' if I died before her, a' my gear was to come back to her again, an' her to marry anither man if she could get him. But since its happened fae, she is to gie me Brucky an' the black mare, the ha'f o' the cogs, three spoons, four pair o' blankets an' a can'as ; she's to big twa beys to her ain gavel, to be a dwelling house to me an' my wife, an to get the wee byre at the

end o' the raw to haud my cow an' twa cutties,
the ha'f o' the barn, an' a bed o' the kail-yard
as lang as she lives, an' when she dies am to
pay the yearding o' her honestly, an' a' the
o'ercome is to be my ain; an' by that time
I'll be as rich as e'er my father was before me.

MAG. Truly Johnny I se no say meikle to
the contrair, but an ye hae a mind to tak me
wi' what I hae, tell me either now or never,
for I se be married or lang gae.

JOCK. I wat well I'm courring in earnest,
tell me what ye hae, an' well say nae mair but
marry ither.

MAG. I se tell you a' I ken o', whate'er my
guidame gies ye's get it.

JOCK. that's right, I want nae mair, it's an
unco thing to marry a naket woman, an' nae-
thing but twa bare legs.

MAG. O John, ye're ay in the right o't,
for mony ane is beguil'd and gets naething,
but my father is to gie me forty pund Scots
that night I am married, a lade o' meal, an' a
furlot o' groats; auld Crummie is mine since
she was a cauf, an' now she has a stirk will tak
the bill e'er Beltan yet; I hae twa stane o' good
lint, an' three pockfu's o' tow, an' a good caff-
bed, twa bowsters, an' three cods, with three
pair o' blankets, an' a covering, forby twa pair
to spin, but my mither wadna gie me cresh to
them, an' ye ken the butter is dear now.

JOCK. Then farewel the night, Maggy;
the best o' friends mauu part, an' sae mauu
thy twa legs yet,

MAG. I wish you well Johnny, but say nae mair till we be married, an' then lad.

Hame gaed Maggy and tell'd her mither.

MAG. O mither! I hae something to tell ye, but ye mauna tell my father.

MITH. Dear Maggy, an' what is that?

MAG. Deed mither, am gaun to be married an' the muck were out.

MITH. Dear Maggy, an' wha's thou gaun to get? its no auld bubly Tammy?

MAG. Na, na, he's a braw young man, an' has mair gear nor ilka body kens o' guesfs an' I'll tell you; it's Johnny Bell, an' his mither sent him to the market just to court me.

MITH. Deed Maggy ye ll no be ill youket wi' him, he's a gay well gaun fallow, right sprush, amaisht like an ill far'd gentleman.—Hey guidman! do ye hear that our Maggy is gawn to be married an' aace the muck were out.

FATHER. Na, na, I'll no allow that until the peats be cussen an' hurl'd.

MAG. O father! it is dangerous to delay the like o' that; I like him an' he likes me, it's best to strike the iron while it is hot.

FATH. An wha is she gaun to get guidwife?

MITH. An wha think ye guidman?

FATH. A wha wat I herie, an' she please hersel am pleas'd already.

MITH. Indeed she's gawn to get Johnny Bell, as cliver a little fallow, as in a' the baronry where he tides.

FATH. A well, a well herie, she yours as well as mine, gie her to wha ye please.

MITH. A well Maggy. I'fe hae a things ready, an' I'll hae the married e'er this month be done.

MAG. Thanks to ye mither, mony a good turn ye done me, an' this this will be the best I think.

Hame gaes Jockey to his mither, crying,

JOCK. Mither ! mither ! I made it out ; her mouth is sweeter as milk, my heart plays a whilie whaltie when I kifs her.

MITH. Fair fa thee, my son Johnny, thou's gotten the gait o't at last ; and whan is thou gaun to be married ?

JOCK. Whan I like mither ; but get the masons the morn to big me my house, for I'll hae a' my things in right good order.

MITH. Thou's nae want for naething, my bairn, but pusht foreward as fast as ye can.

The wooing being o'er, an' the day being set, Jockey's mither kill'd the black boul horned ewe, that lost her lamb the last year, three hens an' a gule fitted cock, to prevent the ripples ; five pecks o' maut masker in the meikle kirn, a pint o' trykle to mak it thicker an' sweeter an' maumier for the mouth ; five pints o' whisky, wherein was garlick an' spice, for raising o' the wind, an' clearing o' the water. The friend's an' good neighbours went a' wi' John to the kirk, where Maggy chanced to meet him, an' was married by the

minister. The twa companies joined together, an' came hame in a crowd; at every change-house they chanced to pass by, providence stopt their proceeding, with full stoups bottles an' glassses, drinking their healths wishing them much joy, ten girls an' a boy : Jockey seeing so many wishing well to his health, coupt up what he got, for to augment his health, an' gar him live lang, which afterwards coupt up him, an' proved detrimental to the same.

So home they came to the dinner, where his mither presented to them a pipeing hot haggies, made o' the creish o' the black boul horn'd ewe, boil'd in the meikle bag, mixt with bear meal, ingans, spice an' mint; this haggies being spout warm, the foaming swats an' spice in the liquor, set John's belly a biz-zing like a working fat, an' he playing het fit to the fiddler, was suddenly seized with a hocking an' rebounding, gave his dinner such a backward ca that he lost a', but the grit bits he scythed thro' his teeth. His mither cryed to spence him, an' bed him wi' the bride; his breeks being filled, they washed baith his hips, laid him in his bed, pale an' ghostly was his face, an' closed were baith his een; Ah! cries his mither, a dismal day indeed; his birthal an' his burial may be baith on ae day. Some cuist water in his face, an' jagged him wi' a needle, till he began to rouze himself up, an' rap out broken verds, Mither, mither, whar am I now?

Whar are ye? my bairn, says his mither, ye're beddet, an' I'll bring the bride to you. Beddet! an' is my brithal done els? Ay, said she, here's the bride to ly down wi' you. Na, na, said he, I'll no ly down wi' that unco woman indeed, if it binna heads an' thraws, the way I lay wi' my mither. O fy dinna affront yoursel.

The bride fa's a crying, O mither, mither, was this the way my father guided you the first night? Na, na, thy father was a man o' mettle; poor thing Meg, thou's ca'd thy hogs to a bonny market.

A bonny market, says his mither, a shame fa' you an' her baith! he's worthy o' her tho' she were better nor what she is, or e'er will be.

His friends an' her friends being in a mixt multitude, some took his part, and some took her's; there a battle began in the clap of a' hand, being a very fierce tumult, which ended in blood; they struck so hard, with stones sticks, beetles, and barrow trams, pigs, pots, stoups, and trenchers were flying like bombs and hand granades. The crook, bouls, and tongs were all employed as weapons of war; till down came the bed wi' a mou o' peats. So this disturbed a' their treading.





P A R T II.

The Wonderful Works of our John.

NOW though all the ceremonies of Jockey and Maggy's wedding were ended, when they were fairly bedded before a wheen rattling unrowly witnesses, who dang down the bed aboon them; the battle still increased, and John's works turned out to be very wonderful; for he made Janet, that was his mither's lass the last year, grow like an Elphin shaft, an, got his ain Maggy wi' bairn forby.

The hamshoughs were very great until auld uncle Rabby came in to redd them, an' a sturdy auld fellow he was, stood stively wi' a stiff rumple, an' by main strength o' his arms rave them sundry, flinging the ane east an' the iher west, till they stood a' round about, like as mony breathless cocks, an' no an durst steer anither for him; Jockey's mither was driven o'er a kist, an brogget a' her hips on a round heckle, up she gat and rinning to fell Maggy's mither wi' the ladle, swearing that she was the mither o' a' the mischief that happened, uncle Rabby ran in between them, he having a great lang nose

like a trumpet, she recklessly came o'er his lobster neb a drive wi' the laddle, until the blood sprang out an' ran down his auld grey beard an' hang like snuffy bubble' at it: O! then he gaed woode an' looked as waefu like, as he had been a tod lowrie, com'd frae worrying lambs, wi' his bloody mouth. Wi' that he gets an auld flail, an' rives awa' the supple, then drives them a' to the back o' the door, but yet nane wan out; then wi' chirting an' chapping, down comes the clay hal-lan, an' the hen bauk, wi' Rab Reid the fiddler, who crept up aside the hens for the preservation of his fiddle.

Ben comes the bride when she got on her coat, clappet Rabby's shoulder, and bade him spare their lives; for their is blood enough shed in a night, quo she; an' that my beard can witness, quo he. So they all came in obedience to uncle Rabby, for his supple made their pows fast an' fair that night. But daft Maggy Simpson sat by the fire, an' picked banes a' the time o' the battle; indeed, quo she, I think ye're a' fools but mysel; for I came here to get a guid supper, an' other fouk has gotten their skin well pairt.

By this time up got John the bridegroom, that was Jockey before he was married, but could not get his breeks; yet wi' a horse nail he tacked his fark tail between his legs, that nane might see what every body should hide, and rambling, he cries, Settle ye, or I'll gar

my uncle fettle ye, An fasten ye're heads wi,
my auld supple.

Poor Rab Reid the fiddler, took a sudden
blast; some said he was maw turn'd wi' the
fa', for he bocked up a' the barley' an' then
ga'd the ale gae like a rain-bow frae him,
as brown as wort brose.

The hurly burly being ended, an' naething
but fair words an' shaking o' hands, which
was a sure sign o' an agreement; they began
to cow their cutted lugs, an' wash their fairs,
a' but Jockey's mither, who cries out, A
black end on you an' yotir wedding baith;
for I hae gotten a hunder holes dung in my
nose wi' the heckle teeth.

Jockey answers. A e'en had you wi'
them than mither, ye will e'en be the better
fair'd.

Up gets uncle Rabby; an' auld Sandy the
sutor of Seggyhole, to put every thing in
order; they prappet up the bed wi' a rake
an' a rippling kame; the bearers being broken
they made a solid foundation o' peats, laid
on the cass bed an' bowfters, where Jockey
an' Maggy was beddet the second time.

Jockey no being used to lie wi' a naked
woman, except heads an' thraws wi' his mi-
ther, gets his twa hands about the bride's
neck, an' his hough out o'er the bride's hur-
dies, saying I ne'er kist wife nor lass naker
before, an' for fainness I'll bite you, I'll bite
you, &c.

Naithing mair remarkable till about ha'f

a year an' four ukes thereafter, in comes Marion Musher, rinnin bare-foot an' bare-legget, wi' bleart cheeks an' a watery nose, cursing, greeting an' flyting.

MARION enters. Crying, an' whar's John. His mither answers. Indeed he's out in the yard powing kail runts.

MAR. A black end on him an' his runts baith, for he's ruin'd me an' my bairn.

MITH. Ruin'd you! it cannot be; he never did you ill, nor said you ill, be night or by day; what gars you say that?

MAR. O woman! our Jenny is a rowing like a pack o' woo; indeed she's wi' quick bairn, an' your John is the father o't.

MITH. Our John the father o't! haud, there enough said, lying lown, I true our John was ne'er guilty o' sic a sinful action: Daft woman! I true it ill be but wind that hoves up the lassie's wame; she'll hae drunken some sour drink, like sour sowns, or rotten milk, that mak's her sae.

MAR. A wae be to him an' his actions baith, he's the father o't, fornicator dog that he is, he's ruin'd me an' my bairn; I bore her an' brought her up honestly, till she came to you; her father died an' left me four o' them, there warn a ne o' them cou'd put on anithers claes, or tak a louse aff ither.

MITH. I bid you haud your tongue, an' no even your bystards to my bairn, for he'll never tak wi't; he, poor silly lad he wad

ne'er look to a la's, be's to lay her down
 Fy Maggy cry in on John, an' let's ratify't
 wi' the auld ruddoch; ay, ye're no blate for
 saying fae.

MAR. Be angry or well pleased, I'll sayt
 in a' your faces, an' I'll ca' you before your
 betters about it or lang gae.

John enters. An what want ye now, is
 our brose ready yet?

MITH. Ay brose, black brose indeed for
 thee, my bairn; here Marion Muthet saying
 ye hae gotten her dochter wi' bairn.

JOCK. Me mither! I ne'er lay in a bed
 wi' her dochter a' my days, it'll be the young
 laird, for I saw him kils her at the Lammas
 fair, an' let glam at her nonsense.

MITH. Ay, ay, my man Johany, that's
 the way she has gotten her belly fu' o' bairns
 it's no you nor the like o' you, poor innocent
 lad, that gets bystard weans: a wheen filthy
 louns, every ane louns on anither, an gies
 you the wyte o' a'.

MAR. You may say what you like about
 it, it's easy to ca' a court whar there's nae
 body to say again, but I'll tell you a' I ken
 about it, an' that is what she tell't me, and
 your guidwife tell't me some o't yoursel: an'
 gin ye hadna brought in Maggy wi' her
 muckle tocher atween the twa, your Jockey
 and my Jenny had a been man an' wife the
 day.

JOCK. I wat well that's true.

MITH. Ye filthy dog at ye are, are ye

gaun to confefs wi' a byftard, an' it no yours : dinna I ken as well as ye do wha's aught it.

JOCK. Ay but mither we may deny as we will about it, but I doubt it will come to my door at laft.

MITH. Ye filly fumph and fenfelefs fallow had ye been knuckle deep wi' the dirty drab, ye might a faid fae, but ye tell't me lang fyne that ye coudna lo'e her, fhe was fo lazy and lown like, befides her crooket fit an' bow'd legs.

JOCK. Ay-but, do ye mind fince ye fent me out to gie her the parting kifs, at the black hole o' the peat ftack, fhe rave the button frae my breeks, an' wad gar me do't, an' bade me do't, an' cou'd fleft an' blood refuse to do't ? I'm fure I cou'd ne'er get her wi' bairn an' my breeks on.

MITH. Na. na, poor fimple filly lad, the wean's no yours : ilk an louns on anither, an' you get the wyte o' a' the byftarts round about.

Up gets Maggy wi' a roar, an rives her hair, cries her back, belly. an' baith her fides ; the weed an' gut gaes thro' my fleft like lang needles, nails, or elshin irons : wae be to the day that e'er I faw his face, I had better married a tinkler, or a followed the fogers as mony a honeft man's dochter has done, an' liv'd a better life than I do.

Up gets Jockey an' rin's o'er the riggs for

for John Roger's wife, auld Katty the howdy, but or he wan back she parted wi' Patrick thro' perfect spite, an' then lay twa fauld o'er a stool in a swoon.

JOCK. A well, a well, firs, since my first-born is e'en dead without seeing the light o' the warld, ye's a' get bread an' cheese to the blyth meat; the thing we shou'd a war'd on on the banket will fair the burial, an' that will be some advantage: an' Maggy shou'd die, I maun e'en tak Jenny, the tane is as far a length as the tither; I se be furnish'd wi' a wife atween the twa.

But Maggy turn'd better the next day, an' was able to muck the byre; yet there gaed sic a tittle tattling thro' the town, every auld wife tell't anither o't; an' a' the light hippit hussies that rins between towns at e'en, tugging at their tow rocks, spread it round the kintry; an' every body's mouth was filled wi' Jockey an' Jenny, an' how Maggy had parted wi' bairn.

At last Mess John Hill hears of the horrid action, and sends the elder of that quarter, and Clinkem Bell the grave maker, to summon Jockey and Jenny to the session, and see how the stool of repentance wad set them. No sooner had they entered the door but Maggy sa's a greeting and wringing her hands; Jockey's mither fell a flyting an' he himself a rubbing his lugs, and riving his hair, saying, O gin I were but ae ha'f ell higher, I iud be a finger or it be lang an'

gie me a good flail or a corn fork, I sud kill Frenchmen enew, before I gaed to face you flyting ministers, an' be set up like a warld's wonder, on their cock stool or black stool, an' wha can bide the shame, whan every body looks to them, wi' their sacken sarks or gowns on them, like a piece of an auld can'as prickt about a body, for naething but what every body does amais't, or they be married as well as me.

MITH. My man Johny, ye're no the first that has done it, an' ye'll no be the last, e'en mory o, the ministers has done it themselves: hout ay, your father an' I did it mony a time.

MAG. Ay, ay, an' that gars your son be so good o't as he is: the thing that is bred in the flesh is ill to pick out o' the bane.

MITH. Daft woman! what way cou'd the warld stand, if souks wadna make use o' ither? it's the thing that's natural, bairns getting, therefore it's no to be scunner'd at.

MAG. Ay, ay, but an they be for the like o' that, they shou'd marry.

MITH. But I think there's little ill tho' they try it yence or twice or they be marry'd; It's an unco thing till a body to bound to a business, if they dinna ken whether they be able for it or no.

MAG. Ay, ay that's your way o' thinking an his, but its no the way o' ither honest souk: see what the minister will say to't.

MITH. The minister is but a mortal man,

an' there's defections in his members as well as mine.

MAG. Ay, but seek thou'd ay strive to mortify their members.

MITH. An' is that your whigry? Will you or any body else, wi' your mortifying o' your members, prevent what's to come to pass? I wish I saw the minister an' his elders, but I'll gie him scripture for a' he's done yet: tell na me about the mortifying o' members; gin he hae gotten a bystart, let him an' her feed it between them, an' they sud gie't sup about; but she maen keep it the first quarter, an' be that time muckle black lady. 'ill be cauft, we sall sell the cauf, an' foster the wean on the cows milk; that's a better mentle for a faut than a' your mortifying o' your members, an' a' your repenting stools; a wheen papist rites an' rotten ceremonies, fashing fouks wi' sack gowns an' buttock meals, an' I dinna ken what; but bide you yet till I see the minister.



P A R T III.

The wonderful Works of our John made manifest before the Minister, &c.

NOW Jockey and his mither went into the little byre, an' held a private meet-

ting, nane present but auld bruckie, an' the twa brutes the bits o' cutties.

MITH. Ye silly dog an' be drown'd to you, how cou'd ye confess sae muckle to meallie shanket Marion, altho' she be her mither.

JOCK. O, mither, mither, say nae mair about it, my ain wand has dung me dourly; sadly hae I suffered for that, an' ye ken a' the misery's com'd o'er our Maggy, my mouth's the mither o't; sae haud your tongue I tell you now.

MITH. An' tell ye me to had my tongue! an' ye had a hauden your tongue an' your tail, an' a done as I bade you, you hadna haen sae muckle a do the day, daft silly dog that thou is.

JOCK. Mither, mither, gies nane o' your mocks nor malice, for tho' I got the wean, ye as muckle the wyte o't as I. Gae an seek out my three new farks an' Sunday's shune, an' I'll gae whar ne'er man saw my face before, neither wood, water, nor wilderiness fall haud me again.

MITH. My bra man Johnny, ye naunna do that; stay at hame wi' me, an' set a stout heart till a stay brae, I'll gae to the session wi' you, gang when you like.

JOCK. A well, mither, I shall do your bidden for ance yet, but whan the minister flytes on me, answer ye him, for I canna speak well again.

MITH. Say nae mair, I hae a pouchfu' o'

perfect petitions to louse an put to him an' his elders,; an' if thou maun gae to their black stool, it's no be thy lane that fall sit upon't.

JOCK. But mither, whether will I deny the dooing o't, or confess the game was at the getting o't?

MITH. Ay, ay, confess ye did it, but say but yence, an' that was on the terms o' marriage, the way that a' our kinty bystarts is gotten.

Now Jockey being three tumes summon'd to the session, and did not appear, the session insisted for a warrant from the justice of the peace, which was readily granted more for diversion than justice sake: The warrant being given to John King the constable, who went away with Clinkim Bell on Saturday's morning, and catched John at his breakfast, hauls him awa, an at ilka oxter, like twa butcher dogs, hinging at a bull's beard; his mother followed, driving him up with good counfels, my bra man Johnny, haud up your head, dinna think shame, for a' your fauts is but perfect honey, you're neither a thief, whore, nor horfestealer.

Then Maggy ran for uncle Rabby, and uncle Rabby sent to Sandy the sutor of Seggyhole; the sutor saddled his mare, an' uncle Rabbygot aff at the gallop on his greypowney west the hags, an' o'er by White-hill shough, the nearest, an' was at Sir James the justice's lang or John was brought into judgment.

[John enters before the justice, with a red,
red face.]

Goode'en Mr Justice, Sir James, an't please your honour, ye maunna put me in prison, for am no malefactor, but a poor honest kintyryman, that has been born in an ill planet; my mither say'ft I had the ill luck of a misfortune to fa' foul wi' furnication, an' got my mither's las' wi' bairn the last year, an' they are gawn to father't on me the year again.

The justice smiling, answered, indeed John I think it is but very just and reasonable that ye be accountable this year for your last year's labour.

JOCK. Ay, ay, fir, I have laboured very fair since my father died, but our plough canna get gane for frost this four days.

JUST. Ay, but John, that's no what I mean, it's the child you got last year, ye must be answerable for this.

JOCK. A deed fir, there was twa o' them but there's ane o' them dead.

JUST. A well than John, you'll have the more to give the one that's alive.

JOCK. O! but fir, it's my ain wean that's dead, the ane I got wi' my wife, I dinna ken whether the tither be mine or no.

JUST. Yours or no fir, when you told me you got it. if you should get it wi' a beggar wife at the back of the dyke, what's that to the purpose; when it's of your getting you must mantain it.

JOCK. O! yes, stir, am no refusing to gie meat an' meal to maintain't. but my mither winna let me to the black stool.

JUST. Why not go to the black stool, when guilty of such an action as deserves it? if you have any reasons why you should not go, argument it in the session, and clear yourself, if you can.

[John's mither enters, and addresses herself to the servant lass, thinking she was the Justice's lady.]

Indeed mistress madam, if ye were a kinty goodwife, like mysel, I could tell you a' about it, but you that's gentiles, I canna use freedom wi' you, 'cause I hae nae Latin. But waes me, we that's poor fouk is born to mony feallins an' backward fa's; this lad is my son, an' am his mither, he has had the foul fortune to get a bystart bairn, nae doubt but we hae been a' guilty o' as muckle, an' ne'er a word about it; a what say ye madam?

Off goes the lass, saying, Foul fa the wife, for I was never guilty o't.

JUST. Well goodwife, what is the reason but ye let your son give satisfaction to the kirk

MITH. Deed stir, he's no denying the bairn, but he'll no hae the black stool.

JUST. Ay, but I tell you, them that gets a bastard, gets the black stool to the bargain; and as he is in my hands now, he must find caution that he will answer the session, and be subject to the law.

MITH. Ony thing ye like, stir, but that

shamefu' stance the black' stool; here's uncle Rabby, an' auld Sandy the sutor, will be caution that we's face the session on Sunday; the lad's wae enough that he did it, but he canna help it now, thee wean's born an by hands, sae goodnight wi' your honour's ladyship, its the first time e'er I was before you.

On Sabbath after sermon the session met. John and his mither is call'd upon; he enters couragiously, saying, Goode'en to you master minister, bellman, an' elders a', my mither an me is baith here.

MESS JOHN. Then let her in: Come away goodwife, what's the reason you keep your son so long back from answering the session, you see it is the thing you are obliged to do at last.

MITH. Deed stir, I think there needs na be nae mair wark about it; I think whan he's gien the lazy hulk the mither o't, baith meal an' groats to maintain't, ye needna fash him; he's a dutifu' father indeed, well a wat, whan he feeds his bystarts sae well.

MESS JOHN. Woman, are ye a hearer of the gospel, tha ye reject the dictates of it? How come ye to dispise the discipline of the church? is not offenders to be rebuked and chastised?

MITH. Yes stir, a' that is very true; but I hae been three or four times throw the Bible an' the New-Testament, an' I never saw a repenting stool in't a'; than whar cou'd the first o' them come frae, the Apostles had

nine o' them. But a daft history tells me; that the first o' them was used about Rome among the papists, an' ay whan ony o' them turn'd whigs, they were put on a four neuk-ed thing, like a yarn winnal-blads, an' rave a' their gouls sindry, till they turn'd papists again; an' then for anger, they put them on a black stane or stool, in the mids o' the kirk, an' the sack gown about them, wi' the picture o' the de'il an' Satan on't; a sweet be us, we sudna speak o' the ill thief in the kirk but it's a mercy the minister's here an' he come; but that was the original o' your repenting stools an' whan the whigs chac'd awa the papist fouk out o' this kintry, they left a wheen o' their religious pictures, an' the stool o' repentance was amangst the spoil; but ye'se no get my bairn to sit upon a thing as high as a hen-bawk, an' ilka body glowing at him,

MESS JOHN. Woman, I told you formerly that any who refuses submission to the government of the church, is liable to excommunication: and that we are to put the law in execution against adultery and fornication, or the sin thereof lies partly on our head.

MITH. As for your sin o' adultery, I have naething ado wi't: I ken my son is a fornicator, an' ye can neither mak him better nor war nor he is, there's nae man can keep a standing in their own hand, fortune I mean, if it be a sin let him confess't, an' forsake it,

an' we's pay the buttock meäl an' mak nae mair words about it.

MESS J. Goodwife you need not think your son will pass so, more than others that has been before him, he must actually come before the congregation three Sabbaths before he can be absolved from the scandal, and get the benefit of any church privileges like any other honest man.

MITH. Indeed Mess John, my son will never set his hips upon't; if he maun come before you, I'll gar him stand a bit a back frae't; an' hear what ye hae to say about fornication; twa harmless free bodies passing their trials to see what they can do, ye that's whigs may mak enough o't, but I think na muckle about it.

MESS J. Woman, you may go home and see what you have to do; ye have a very bad tongue: it's no you we have to take account of.

MITH. Ay, ay, ye that's ministers an' modest touk may say sae, but if my son had tane as good tent o' his tail, as I can do o' my tongue, there hadna been sae muckle about it; a wheen silly lowns kent na what they were made for, or how to guide a thing whan they get it.

MESS J. Put her out, she's going to speak bawdy.

MITH. O ay, stir, I'll gang out, but I'll hae my bairn out wi' me.

MESS J. We must first ask some few

questions at him, there is no harm can come on him here.

MITH. For as good company as you think yourselves, I wad rather hae him in anither place.

[John kept in, and his mother put out.]

MESS J. Well John, you must tell us whether this child was gotten before you was married, or since : for I suppose by the time o' the birth it is much about the same time.

JOCK. Hout ay, stir, it was gotten lang or I was married, I need na forget the getting o't, it was na sae easy to me.

MESS J. How long is it since ye was first acquaint.

JOCK. Just when she came to be my mither's lass, I never saw her but ance before, an gin I had ne'er seen her, I had never kend her after sic a fashious fashion.

MESS J. How long was she serving your mother ?

JOCK. Just twa hailyearts ; an' I got her wi' bairn about a year after she came, an' its no a year yet since I was married.

MESS J. Dear John there is a contradiction indeed, a woman cannot go two years with child

JOCK. Deed stir it was then the wean was first gotten.

MESS J. A John, John, I find you out to be a sinful liver ; you and that woman has had carnal dealings for sometime : it is ill to keep the cow out of the corn, if she once get a way of going to it ; ye should actually a

married the poor woman, when ye cohabited so long together.

JOCK. No stir, we did not habit together, tho' she kist me, an' I kist her, sometimes in the barn, an' sometimes in the byre, nanekent o't but my mither, an' she wadna let me tak her but sent me awa to court our Maggy.

[His mother cries through the hole of the door:] A ye silly sumph, is that a the thanks I get for counselling you to do well, warn a me ye wad a been married on a lown like, leepet, lazy lump, who had neither wit nor wiles, no sae much judgment as wife the wind frae her ain tail, but lute it geng afore fouk. Up gets the elders crying, Fy, fy, Duncan the bellman, drive that wicked wife to the door, she disturbs us all.

Duncan rins to the door whispering.] Shame fa' you for a wife gang out o' that; but I wad rather hear you, as hear them yet.

MESS J. Now John will ye be so plain as tell me whether you promised to marry the woman or no, when ye lay with her.

JOCK. Na stir, I didna lie wi' her; for the herd an' me lay in the byre bed, an' she lay in the little lang saddle at the hallen end.

MESS J. It is all one whether you lay with her or not, when you have got her with child that's what you confess;

JOCK. I kenna whether I got her wi' bairn or no; but I did wi' her as I did wi' our Maggy, when she fell wi' bairn.

MESS J. But the question is, whether or

no did you promise to marry her, when that child was gotten?

JOCK. Hut, tut, stir, ye wad fash fouk speiring a thing, it was her that promist to marry me for the getting o't.

MESS J. And did not you do the like to her?

JOCK. A what needed I do the like, when she an my mither did it a', but the wean getting, she cou'd na do that.

MESS J. Indeed John, you seem to have been a parcel of loose livers altogether.

JOCK. A louse stir, I wish I were louse yet; better be louse than bun to an ill staik.

MESS. J. I see it is needless for me to enquire any further into the matter, I find you are guilty; therefore you must appear publicly on the stool of repentance, on Sabbath next, and the two following thereafter, or ye be absolved from the scandal.

JOCK. Indeed, master minister, am very easy about repentance, an' for your stool, it's a feat I'm very easy about, for I'm but bath-fu', an' as I was never guilty of getting by-starts, either before, or sin syne, except in thoughts, words, deeds an' actions, I think ye may een let me pass; I suffer'd enough wi' the clash o' the kintry, an' loss o' my ain wean, it was nae by start, ye canna gar me stand for that.

MESS J. You appear to be such a stupid fellow, the like of you should neither have laful child or bastard, and I admire that such an idiot as you, was allowed to be married to any woman: and you James, who is an elder

of that proportion, should have given information of that man's capacity, before he was joined to a wife.

ELDER. Indeed sir, ye ken very well, he answered the questions at the examine, better than any other fouk, and I think he's best married, for he might a gotten mae bystarts, an' a fasht us.

JOCK. Indeed sir, it's very true: for whan ance I got the gate o' women, I coudnae bide aff them; but our Maggy was unco cunnen, she wadna let me do nathing but kiss her, an' kittle her, till ance we was married.

MESS J. I'll ask no more questions at him. Call on his mother. [In she comes.] Good-wife, we have ordered your son to appear three Sabbaths on the stool, and there to be reproved before the congregation publicly, and be absolved from the scandal.

MITH. Then the ill thief be in his arse, Mels John, gen e'er he set his hip upon't: my bairn on your black stool! an' wadna't be a great blunder on the auld black face o't, to my son to gaung on't before the young laird who has had twa bystarts, an' ne'er set a hip on't yet, an' he's continually ridding on the huffies to this day, an' them that wad na let him, he rives their duds, an' kicks their douns. A dear Mels John, an' ye gie gentle fouks a toleration to whore, to fornicate, kiss, an' guddle a wee, wi' ilka body they like, I'll gie you ten marks an' gie't to me an' my son too.

MESS J. And what shall we do with these odious persons?

ELDERS. Indeed, fir, we see not what we can make of them.

MESS J. Make of them! we'll exclude them from all church benefit, and lay them under the lesser excommunication.

MITH. Indeed stir, tak your mind o't, as our cat did o' the haggies, when she sipped it a', an' crap in o' the bag. If ye winna cri-fen the wean, ye canna hinder us to cat a cogfur o' water on't, an' cat ony ting we like.

So out she goes, shutting Jockey before her; so John went and pist on the auld minister's widow's gavel, and there was nae mair about it that day.

How Jockey and his mother went to see his bastard.

NOW Jockey and his mither came hame together, chick for chew, cracking like twa hand guns. I true I fought a battle this day, an' won the field accordingly, whan I hae conquer'd a the canker'd carles about the kirk.

JOCK. Indeed mither I think ye're a better man nor the minister; an' gin ye had Arithmattock an' Latin, to ken the kittle figures you may preach as well as he.

MITH. I true Jock lad, their black stool o' sham repentance ne'er got sic a rattle as I hae gient the day.

JOCK. Na, na, mither a' the whoremongers that e'er set a hip on't kens nae muckle about the auld foundation o't as ye do.

MITH. But Johnny man, an thou wad star, in the daft days, an' that's on mununday, ye

an' I wad gae an' see the dafft jad, Jenny the mither o't.

JOCK. Wi' a' my heart mither: but we maun giet something, an' it were but an' auld fervet, to keep the hips o't warm, young weans ay wet about the arse ye ken.

MITH. A weel then Johnny, I'll cry to thee whan the hens begins to keckle, an' that's about the break o' day; an' we's be ready to tak the road again by Torryburn day light, when we'll ken a turd by a stane.

Up gets auld Maggy, Jock's mither in the morning, puts on the kettle, an' maks her Yool sowens, the meikle pot hung on the fire a night wi' the cheek o' an auld cows head, skim's aff the fat, and mak's a great cogue o' brose then pours on a chappin o' clean chresh like oil, which made a bra sappy breakfast for Jock an his mither, an Meggy got the cogue to scart, The brose being done, an a' things ready, he halters the black mare, lays on the funks an' a covering; fine furniture for a country wife.

Jockey mounts, an' his mither behind him, trots awa', till coming down the brae abune John Davie's well; the auld beast being unfeiry o' the feet, she fundered before, the girth an curple brak; Jockey tumbled o'er her lugs an his mither out o'er him in the well wi a slung

JOCK. Ay, ay, mither, tho' I fell ye needna fa'n abune me, an' gen ye had lyen whar ye lighted first, ye wadna tumbled into the well, it's an unco thing a body canna get a fa' but ye fa' abune them; auld ruddoch that thou is,

thou might a hauden better by the rump, an ye wadna a bruised a' my back wi your auld hard banes, nor a wat a' yoursel sae, an see how you hae drummel'd a' John Davie's well.

MITH. Hech, quo she, I wonder ge I be kill'd! Thou was always wont to get the word o' a good rider, baith upon hussies an horses, an this be thy mannagement thou's little worth; fell'd the auld banes it bore thee! sic a bath as I haegotten to my yool: thou condna a gien me a war bed, nor a water hole in a cauld morning. Wae be to thee an that ill gotten get o' thine O! let never better bounty be gotten wi bystards getting; an this is so much for the fruits o' fornication, a war stance nor the black stool yet.

JOCK. Let's a' be now wi your auld taunts about bystards getting, or I'll gie you the wind o' the mare's tail, an gar you wammel hame an a' your wat coats about you.

MITH. Na, na, my man Johnny, hand the auld Jade till I loup on, we came together, an we's gang together; we shall see the bystard an it's mither or we gang hame.

JOCK. Wi a' my heart, mither, but yonder the house an the hen's on'r; the lum's reeking rairly, but little ben they wha's coming.

At length they came to Jenny's mither's door
In goes his mither and in goes his mare.

Himself follows after, crys how's a' here?

MITH. Hech, is that poor body in her bed yet
Her mother answers, Well I wat she's in her
bed an cauld, cauld, an comfortless is her lying;
bystards getting is just like lent gear, seldom or
ever weel paid back again, but my poor lassie.

coudna done war nor she's done, O gin she had yielded her body to some bit herd laddie, he wad a seen her lang or now.

MITH. A dear Marrion what wad ye be at? Do ye think that our John wha has a wife o' his ain, coud come an wait on her as she were a dame o honour, or yet an honest man's wife, poor silly lown that she is, an' had he thought on what he was com'd o' he wad ne'er a offer'd benevolence to the like o' her.

MAR. An ye had a been as great a instroga-ter against his making her double ribbet, as ye are now against doing her justice, for the filthy jimerack he's gien her, ye wandna need to ca' her silly lown the day, an him an honest man, But the ne'er a honest man wad a hoodl'd sae lang on ae poor huffie an' then gane awa' an' married anither for love o' a pickle auld clouts an twa or three pockfu's o' tow; an she is but a silly lown indeed that lute him or any rattle scull else, shake their tail sae lang upon her, without his faith, an his troth, an his fist before the minister.

MITH. A Canld be your east kimmer, do ye think it your daddling dochter's a match for my son John, I think less may sair, her father was but a poor cotter carle, an our John's father was a farmor, an it's but a trick o' youth an the course o' youdeth maun be out; but she may thank her good fortune an tell her friends ay, an count it a credit that ever she bore a bystart to the like o' him; a good fu' fat farmor's son' but ae step laigher nor a laird.

MAR. A wae be to sic a credit it's nae worth

the cracking o' an whar was a his noble equals whan he bute to lay a leg on my poor lassie, poor clarty clunny it thou is, and if they were na baith ae man's mak, I wadna think naething o't; for they warn a needle o' differ between their daddies, an what war they baith but twa sticket tailors at the best? ye had as good a gane hame an a counted your bow-kail stocks as come here to count kindred wi' me.

JOCK. Hour awa daft witless wives, I ken-na what you're flyting about; I wad rather see the wean gin it be ony thing wally an' like the world.

MAR. Indeed fall ye John, you'll see your ain picture for little filler, a muckle mouth'd baveral just like yourself.

[The child is presented.]

JOCK. Mither, mither, it has a muckle mouth just like mine, an' sees we baith or's een an bit five days auld yet.

MITH. Dear Johnny thou's no wise man, wad tu hae the wean to be blin, the poor thing saw when it was new born.

JOCK. A what ken I mither, am no fae weel skill'd as the howdies, an them that's ay hobbling weans; but I thought they had abeen like the wee bits a whalpies, nine nights auld before they had seen ony.

MITH. Awa, awa, ye witless widdyfu', comparing a beast to a woman's ain bairnie; a dog is a brute beast, an a wean is christened creature.

JOCK. Na mither, its no a chrisen'd creature yet, for it has neither gotten the words nor the water, nor as little do I ken hbw to ca't yet.

MAR. I wat well its a very uncanny thing to keep about a house, or yet t' meet in a morn- ing a body wanting a name.

MITH. Hout tout ay, ye it's auld wives is ay fu o' frits an religious fashions, them that looks to frits, frits follows them, but it is fix an thir- ty years since I was a married wife, an I never kend sabbath day by anither ane, mony a time till the bell rang.

MAR. Dear guidwife what needs ye speak so loud, yefly the wean wi crying sae see how it starts

MITH. Ay, ay the bystarts is a that way, but ken ye the reason o' that ?

MAR. Ye that kens the reason o' every thing may soon find out that too.

MITH. A deed than woman I'll tell you, the merry begotten weans, its bystards I mean, is red wood, half witted halloket sort o' crea- tures ; for an it bena ane among twenty o' them they're a scar'd o' the getting, for there's few o' them gotten in beds like honest fouks bairns but in out houses, auld barns, backs o' dykes, an kill logies ; whar ther's ay some body wander- ing to scar poor needfu persons, at their job o' journey wark ; for weel ken I the gaits o't, experience gars me speak.

JOCK. A deed mither that's very true, for whan I was getting that wean at the black hole o' the peat slack, John Gammel's mackle colly came in behind us wi a bow wow o' a great goul just abune my buttocks, an as I'm a squ- ner, he gart me loup levrock hight, an yet wi' got a wean for a' that.

MITH. A weel than Johnny that maks my words good yet.

Jenny Answers out o' the bed. A shame fa your fashions, ye hae na muckle to keep, whan ye tell how it was gotten, or what was at the getting o' t.

JOCK. A shame fa yoursell Jenny, for I hae gotten my part o' the shame else, an gin ye hadna tell'd first, there wad nae kend, for nae body saw us but John Gammels auld colly, an' he's no a sufficient witness.

MAR. Now guidwife amang a' the tales ye hae tell'd me, how is this wean to be mantain'd

MITH. Ill chance on your auld black mouth Maraion, did not I send you my good sprittled hen, a pund o' butter an a faxpence, forby a lippy o' groats an' a furlat o' meal; mak her a good coguesu o' brose, an put a knoist o' butter in them, to fill up the hole whar the lown came out, an' I'll send you mair or that be done

MAR. An it be na better nor the last ye may een keep it to yoursel; your groat meal an' grey meal, land dust an seeds, course enough to feed cocks an' hens, besides a woman in her condition

MITH. A foul be your gabs, ye're a sae gash o' your gabbies; a whin fools that stuffs up your gusses wi' guid meat, to gar the worms turn wanton an wallop in your wames; feed yourselfs as I do, wi hacket kail, brose made o' groat meal, an gray meal, sands seeds dust an weak shilling, ony thing is good enough to fill the guts, an mak t—ds of,

JOCK. Na, na, mither an the wean wad suck our Maggy, I sud tak it hame in my oter.

MITH. O ye fool, Maggy's milk is a mould salt an sapless lang syne; but I true she wad heb at it as the black ewe did at the white cws

lamb the last year, sae speak nae mair o' Maggy's milk, no to compare a cat to a creature, the yeal cats is never kind to kiltens, an the maidens bairns is a unco weel bred.

JOCK. Na, na, ye're a mistane mither, Maggy has milk yet, for every pap she has is like burn pig, I se warran they'll haud pints the piece

MIR. My man Johnny let them keep the wean that has the wean, we'll never miss a pockfu o' meal now an tan, I wadna hae my bed pisht, an blankets rotten for a how o' the best o' t

JOCK. O mither ! I canna lea't I like it sae well, it has twa bonny glancing een, just like mine in a kikan glafs, I wonner how I was able to get the like o' t, indeed mither I think mair o' t, nor o' my grey horse, Maggy an the four ky

MIR. My man Johnny ye're at nae strait about bairns getting, nane needs gang to London to learn that auld trade ; I ken very weel when an gets warklums right to their hand, nature will teach them how to sa' too.

JOCK. Now fare ye weel Jannet that wean's weel worth the warkmanship I'll warrand ye, weel a wat ist.

JENNY. Guidnight wi' you John, but O man thou's broken my fortune, I'll ne'er get mair o' man nor I hae gotten, an dear, dear hae I suffer'd for what I hae done, an if ye had a bellowed thyself on a me, ye see what a bonny bairn time we wad a hane.

MIR. Thou says it thou's suffer'd sadly for what thou's done, but tho' they wad tak the hide o'er thy een holes it wadna tak the inclination cut o' thee ; for thou'll do't again, but

its no be wi' my bairn I'se warrand thee, and now Johnny come awa hame to thy hauf marrow, an use thy freedom as formerly, thou'll hae weans thick an three fauld; I'se mak the decotion of cock stanes, lamb stanes, an chicken brue, will gar thee cock thy tail like a Gallo way toop.

The Vth and Last P A R T.

Being an account of Jockey's Mother's Death and Burial

AS Jockey an' his mither came hobling hame together on the outside of the auld doil'd beast, his mither's black mare, a weafu misfortune befel them; Her hinderlots being wickedly wet in John Davie's well that morning, an it being a frosty night, her coats was a frozen round about her, and the hard haren fark plaid clash between her legs like a wet dishclout, her teeth gaed like a rattle bag till about haf gate hame, than she was suddenly seized wi' a rumbling in her muckle bag, what we kintry fouks ca's a rush i' the guts; Jockey was fash'd helping her aff and helping her on, foul, fat, and dirty was the road, having like haf a T—d at every tadder length.

JOCK. Deed mither, I doubt death has something to do wi' you, for their's a rumbling in a your wame like an auld wife kirning.

MITH. Hout tout I canna hear o't, but they'll be nae fear o' me now, I'm safe at my ain door, thanks to thecan' the auld beast it brought me; heat my feet wi' the bannock stane. an lay me

in my bed, fling four pair o' blankets an a cann'es on me, I'll be weel enough an' ance I were better, fwieth Maggy gae mak me a cog-fu' o' milk brose, an a placks worth o' spice in them, nae fear o' an auld wife as lang as she's loose behind, an can tak meat.

JOCK. I'se be't mither, a e'en fill up the boss o' your belly, you'll stand to the storm the better, I'se warrant ye never die as lang as ye can tak your meat.

BEN comes Maggy wi' the brose; but four soups an a slag fill'd her to the teeth, till she began to hock them back again, an' ding awa' the dish.

JOCK. I mither, mither, I doubt there's mair ado wi' you nor a dish to lick; whan ye refuse good milk meat, am doubtfu' your mouth be gaune to the mules.

MITH. I dear Johnny am no willen to die if I could do better; but this will be a fair winter on auld frail fouks, yet an' I would grow better I might live these twenty years yet, an be nae auld wife for a' that; but alake a day, there's e'en mony auld fouk dieing this year.

JOCK. A deed mither there is fouks dieing the year, that never died before.

MITH. Dear Johnny wilt thou bring me the doctor, he may do me some good, for an' my heart warnna sick an my head sae sair, I think I may grow better yet.

JOCK. A weel I se bring the doctor the minister an my uncle

MITH. Na, na, bring nae ministers to me, his dry cracks will do me but little guid, dinna want to see his powdered pow, an I in sic an

ill condition, get me a pint o' drams in the muckle
bottle an set i' the hole o' the backside o' my bed.

JOCK. A dead mither ye're in the right o't
for ye want to be weel warm'd within ; to chace
the cal wind an frosty water out at your backside.

Then awa he rins to draff Meg's at the Kirk
town, an brings a bottle in every hand, out wi
the cork an gies her ane in o'er she sets it to her
gab, an squartles up a mutchkin at a waught,
which was like to worry her, till she fell a rift-
ing an roaring, like an auld blunderbush. Hech
hey co' she, but that maks an alteration, an
wears awa the wind. Wi that her head fell to
the cod, an she sought awa like a very faint or
drunken sinner.

JOCK. O! Maggy, Maggy my mither's lost
her breath, (she'll no live lang without it) I
doubt she be dead already, an nae body seen her
but ye an I an ourselfs twa, an she had been fair
o'er seen it maksna, I'll no haud this a fair
strae death indeed, fy Maggy cry in a' the ne-
pers to see her die, altho' she be dead. O an she
wad but shake her fit, or wag her muckle tae,
it wad be ay some satisfaction; but in come he
neighbours in a hush, dinging ithero'er in the door.
Come awa firs, for my mither's as dead's a mauk,
guid be thanket; but I had rather it had been
the black mare, or the muckle rigget cow, for
weel I wat I'll e'en miss her, for she was a bra
spinner o' tow, an coud a cardet to twa muckle
wheels, she had na a faut but an an that was her
tongue, but she'll speak nae mair, fy gets a deal
or a barn door to straight her on, for ay whan
she was cauld she was unco kadckert an ill to

curch, but I'll hae her yerdet or Wednesday teen.

Come, says Maggy, wi maun hae her drest.

JOCK. What does the fool mean wad ye dress a dead woman, she'll never gang to kirk nor market again.

MAG. A dear John be at ease, ye ken she mauna be buried as she is, a fark an a winding-sheet is the least she can get.

JOCK. Ah ha Maggy is that what you mean she has a good new windin sheet, it was never about her shoulders yet, sae Maggy do'ta' yourself and I'll gar Clinkem Bell measure the grave an mak it.

Now when they had brought out the corps John told the people they were welcome to haud in a cheek o' his auld mither wast the gate; and being laid right on the spakes. ha, ha, quoth he, this is a bra' honesty indeed, it's mair boukie nor my bridal was: but when they came to the grave, it was o'er short and strait about the mouth, which set John in a great passion, saying, A foul fa' your naughty fashions master bell-man, did not I packshion wi' you for the bried o' my mither's back, an the length o' her carkage? an this hole winna haud her, thou's get nae mair o' my change if I sud die the morn.

Uncle Rabbi. Whisht, whisht, this sud be a dayo'murning for your mither, dinna flyte here

JOCK. What the vengeance uncle, shoud na fouks die when they're auld? an' am I to pay for a hole an' get but haf a hole; that's the thing it vexes me, but I'll keep twopence out o' his

trencher for't, an fae will I een; but gang ye hame uncle to get cog-an cap for the dradgey, an I'll see her get fair play or I gae.

Hame they came in a croud and fell to the cheete ancheeks of leaves teeth an nail, the ale washanded about in cogs an caps lashing it down o'er like bleachers watering their webs; John bluttered in the cog like a cow in warm water till the barm an' bubbles came belling out at his nose, saying a good health to you a' round about, an' shoon an shortly may we a' gang the gate my mither's gane, an I wish them a' burying amang dogs that speaks against it.

About eight and twenty weeks thereafter Maggy had a wally wamefu o' weans to bear' an ay whan she cried John cryed, which made a' the kimmers, an' auld Katty the howdie laugh heartily to hear them.

KATTY. Here now John, your wife's brought to bed wi a bra lad bairn gie him your blessing.

JOCK. Well I wat he's no want that, but an there had been as muckle din at the getting o' him, as at the bearing o' him, it sud ne'er a been gotten for me; Come, come gets in uncle Rabby, the corn riddle fu o' the three nucket scones, whang down the cheete like peats, eat an drink till wi forget sorrow, an' then well see Mefs John about a name till him; since we see it is the way o't, that the young comes into the world an chaces out the auld, wi maun chrifen them, an they maun burry us:

Now John an' his uncle goes to the minister he enters, saying guideen to you, Mr Minister ye dinna ken my mither's deed.

MIN. Yes John I heard so: but how is your wife?

JOCK. My wife stir, a wae worth her, for the wives o' our town an I hae gotten a waking night wi her; but wi' hae gotteen her tum'd an still'd again, an' she's born a bra' wally thumping stirra, he'll herd the kye belyve to me an he had hoggers on him, anam come to you to get a bit name to him.

MIN. A bit name to him John, if ye want no more but a name, you may gi'm that yoursel.

JOCK. Na but stir, I want baith the words an the water, what ye say to ither fouks say to me.

MIN. A but John you must give security or fatistactiōd, you're a man under scandal.

JOCK. What the muckle mischief stir, tho' under sandal or abune scandal, will ye refuse to christen my wean that's honestly gotten in my ain wife's bed beneath the blankets; caus I had a bystart canna ye chrise the well com'd ane, let the bystart stand for it's ain skaith without a name.

MIN. No John you have been very slackly dealt with, I'll bring you to obedience by law, since you reject counsel.

JOCK. A deed stir I wad think naething to stan' a time or twa on't to please you, if there were nae body in the kirk on a uke day, but you an the elders to flyte a wi' on me; but its war on a sunday to hae a' body looking an' laughing at me, as I had been coding the piese suppen the kirk, or something that's no bony, like pishing the bed.

MIN. Awell John never mind you these things.

come ye to the stool, it's norhing when its o-ver. we cannot say o'er much to you about it,

Upon sunday thereafter Johu comes with uncle Rabbie's auld wide coat, a wuckle great grey lang tail'd wig an a big bonnet, which covered his face, so that he seem'd more liker an old pilgrim than a young fornicator; mounts the creepy with a stiff stiff back, as he had been a man of sixty, every one looked at him, think- he was some old stranger, who knew not the stool of repentance by another seat, so that he passed the first day unknown but to very few, yet on the second it came to be known, that the whole parish and many more came to see him; which caused such a confusion, that he was absolved, an got his children baptized the next day.

But there hapened a tullie between the twa' mithers who would both have their names to be Johns, a weel a weel says old John their father to the minister, a deed stir ye maun ca' the tean John an' the tither Jock, and that will please baith these enemies o' mankind.

MIN. A well John suppose ye do, it is two Johns nevertheless.

JOCK. A deed stir ye maun gie the wicked a' their will, wi's ca' the bystard Jockie, an' my son Johnny Bell, on wi't some way an' let her ca't as she likes.

MIN. A dear John but ye speak indifferently about this matter, ye know not the nature of it.

JOCK. A mony thanks to you Mess John now cause ye hae crisened baith my bairn, an

my bystart, I hope you'll forgive me the but-
tock male,

MIN. John I desire you to be silent and
speak none here; You must keep a straight
walk in time coming, free of scandal or offence

JOCK. Ay stir an' how think ye the like o' me
can walk straight wi sic auld bauchled shoen as
mine, amang sic rough rigs, highs an' hous as I
hae to harle through.

MIN. I need not speak to you, you are but
a poor mean ignorant person.

JOCK. Na stir, welawat I'm neither poor nor
mean, my mither's fairly yerder now guid be
thanket, an left a' she had to Maggy an me.

MIN. But hear ye this John, ye must not
kiss any other woman nor your own wife, live
justly like another honest christian, and you'll
come to die well.

JOCK. A black end on me stir, in ever I lay
a unlawful leg upon hissie again, an' they sude-
ly down to me while our Maggy lests; an' for
dieing there's nae fear o' that, but I'll no get
fair play, if ye an' a' the aulder fouk in the
parish be not dead before me, so I hae done
wi' ye now.

An EPI T A P H.

HERE lyes the dust of John Bell's mither.
Against her will death brought her hi-
Clapt in this hole, hard by his daddy, (ther,
Death snach'd her up or she was ready,
Lang might she liv'd wer't not her wame,
But wha can live beyond their time?
There's none laments her but the Suter,
So here she lies looking about her,

Looking about her ! how can that be ?
Yes, she sees her state better than we.

An Elegy on the death of Jockey's Mither.

NOW a' body kens my mither's dead,
For Well I wat I bore her head,
And in the grave I saw her laid,
It was e'en a right drole,
For to change a warm fire side ;
For a cauld kirk hole,
But every ane tell't just like a sang,
That yon's the gate wi' have a' to gang.
For me to do't I think nae lang,
If I can do better,
For I true my mither thinks it nae sang
What needs we clatter,
But thanks to death ay for the future,
That did not let her get the futer,
For about her gear they had been a splutter,
An' sae had been,
For he came ay snoaking about her, late at een
For our Maggy wach't an' saw.
My mither's back was at the wa',
But what was mair hach ha, ha ha, I winna tell
She to do yon flood hittle aw', just like mysel.
But to get gear was a' her drift,
An' used mony a cunning shift,
About her spinning an' her thrift,
Was a' her care,
She's gotten but little o't abune the lift
Wi her to wear.

F I N I S H

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